THE NOBILITY

Stories and Gossip About the Million Nobles of the Land of the Czar.

Their Poverty and Their Extravagance-A Fortune for not Winking-The Demidoff Family-Peasants Bought and Sold-How Catharine II. Made Nobles-The Freeing of the Serfs-Education Russia's Greatest Need-The Women of Russis and Their Wonderful Intelligence-Madame Tolstoi and Others.

Special Correspondence THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE. ST. PETERSBURG, 1892.



seriously affecting the nobility. The papers have only spoken of the troubles of the peasants. but hundreds upon hundreds of the nobles are on the verge of bankruptcy from the

during the lest year, raising the money for this | money in a lump, they went almost as a class purpose by loans on their property.

I am told that the very rich nobles are now In no country in the world has there per-

limited. The Orloff estate, it is true, consists haps been so much extravagance during the of more than 500,000 acres, and the Demidoff past generation as in Russia, and I have heard family get fortunes every year out of their of instances of ladies wearing furs which cost mines, but the vast riches of the nobles of the \$50,000 a set, and fur hatbands being sold at \$600 past are unknown, and hard times and reckless apiece. There are palaces here in St. Peters-extravagances are fast reducing these people to burg which cover almost an acre of ground, poverty. It is estimated that at the present | and one of the Czar's balls in the Winter Palace were among the richest of the nobles of the pest, will have practically no money at all within 20 years from now, and there are Counts

ing on their wits.

It is not much now to be a noble in Russia.

There are in the neighborhood of a million

people who have right to call themselves a part of the Russian nobility, and it is said that there

are Princes and Counts here whom you would

hardly care to ask to your dinner table, and

some of whom would not know how to act if

The Russian nobility of to-day was organized

by Peter the Great. He made nearly every

man who served under him a noble, and fixed

a certain number of grades of nobility, accord-

that Russia kept manufacturing nobles right

along from the time of Peter the Great down

until a couple of years ago, and the result is

now that one Russian in every hundred be-

longs to the nobility. Peter made the nobles

educate their children, and he tried to civilize

Among other orders that he issued to the

nobles was that none of them should lie down

in bed without first taking off his boots, and

came from the gifts of the Czar. These gifts

consisted of vast estates and presents of serfs,

and during a very short time the Czars gave

more than a million peasants to their nobles

One of the most generous in this respect was

gest estates of Russia, including that of the

She made so many nobles that it was a com-

mon saying that every man in Russia from the

cobbler to the merchant aimed to become a

moble, and, in fact, some of the most famous of

the Russian families of to-day originated in the

lowest classes. The Menchikoffs have a candy-

maker for their ancestor, and the first Count

Fouks family was a chef in the palace kitchen,

and Baron Shafiref was a Jew.

Razoumovsky was a singer. The head of the

Catharine II. had a number of lovers, and

the showered titles upon them. She supplied

each of them with \$12,000 a month for spend-

ing money while he continued in her favor, and

fortune and a palace and picked up another.

She had in all 40 lovers, whom she ennobled,

and she had children by 17 of them, and built

more than a dozen palaces for them. She made

no bones of letting her love be known, and she

built the magnificent palace of Tsarskoe-Selo

near St. Petersburg, in order that she might

leave the Capital and enjoy herself there with

them. The rooms of this palace were fitted up

to accompdate the tastes of her different lovers,

and the Prince Potemkin, who was one of her

most beloved, had a floor in his apartments

made of the finest kind of Italian mosaic, and

it cost, it is said, \$50 a square inch. It was

done by Catharine when the Prince was away

in the army, as a surprise for her lover when

Another of Catharine's lovers was an artist.

She lavished titles and money upon him, and

when she grew tired of his attentions she sent

him off to travel over Russia, and ordered him

this as long as she lived, and she hung his pic-

his country by beginning at the top.



poorer and poorer every them belonged to the Czar, and perhaps 26,year, and the days of 000,000 belonged to the nobles and others. great fortenes in Russia are numbered. Some- Alexander II., who was the greatest friend of time age Russia established a bank to loan freedom Russia has ever had, made them free, money to peasants, in order that they might and he paid the nobles for them, giving them purchase land, and it is now only two years nearly \$250,000,000 in cash and \$150,000,000 more since state banks were organized to lend money | in the cancellation of their indebtedness to the to the nobility, and they have already borrowed | crown. This was in 1861, and the nobles lived 200,000,000 roubles, or \$100,000,000. Many of high while the money lasted. They had no them have mortgaged their estates to keep idea of investment nor of the accumulation of their people alive during the famine, and some | property. The most of them had good incomes have fed thousands upon thousands of peasants | from their estates, and when they received this | and the steps by which Russia will come to a

Many of the richest of the noble families

have histories that are full of romance. The

Demidoff, which is one of the great millionaire

families of to-day, sprang from a blacksmith

blacksmith Demidoff had deserted from the

army, but he was an expert at casting cannon-

balls, and he showed himself so enterprising in

other respects that Peter gave him a foundry

and had him cast cannon-balls for his army.

He gave him, also, some copper mines, and the

was afterward made a noble. He was given

The Demidoff family of to-day still own the

"I will give it to you on this condition: I

to allow her ears to be boxed even by proxy, for

\$500,000 a slap. This Demidoff was a rare

bird. He did not seem to care for money in

the least, and one of his amusements was the

not, it was a part of the contract that they

other mines in the Ural Mountains.

Demidoff family. In lending it, he said:

IN MOSCOW.

and Barons here at St. Petersburg who are liv- | and they have a princely way about them

ing to their service. These grades were such first Demidoff worked these so well that he

Catharine II., who was the mest extravagant | having of persons stand before him for an hour

Empress who ever sat upon a throne. She at a time. If during this time they could

gave presents to her nobles of more than \$100,- stand without winking their eyelids the least

600,000 during her reign, and some of the big- bit, he gave them a fortune; but if they did

novelist Tolstoi, dates back to her. She was a | must submit to a whipping with the knout

everything she could to strengthen her crown. | that most of them got the whipping.

foreigner and a usurper, and she had to do upon their bare backs. It is needless to say

and the wealth of the Russian nobility largely | a box on the ear for each million.

famine, and there are as many mortages here in Russia to-day as there

The history of Russia down to the time of large extent govern themselves, and they have are on the town lots of Alexander II. is full of the horrible treatment | many governmental rights greater than those our over-boomed West- of the serfs, and there is no doubt that they of the people of the United States. The differern cities. The Rus-sian nobility grows free. At this time more than 20,000,000 of people is by no means so great here as it is in the other countries of Europe, and the constitution of this nation is such that it could be changed from an autocratic monarchy to a constitutional republican form of Government with little trouble, provided the Czar and his people should ever care to bring this about. I don't believe that the people as they stand to-day are ready for self-government. The

> modern form of Government are through education and a constitutional monarchy. One of the greatest needs of Russia is education. The country has practically no public- will not mix myself in this present call. * * * school system, and only two per cent. of the The first movements of our Government will total population of Russia are in school. A fail, and the leaders will be cast aside. A secvast number of the people cannot read or write, ond or third set will arise, and among them I and the droschsky-drivers and laborers of this | may be, but at present I will not volunteer as cles for sale within; and I have more trouble | wants of the country, if I am offered a place in getting from one place to another in Moscow | that suits me, I may accept. But in the presand St. Petersburg than I ever had in any of | ont call I will not volunteer." the other great cities of the world. You may

have a card with the name of the place and

the street you want to go to written upon

than 2.000,000 scholars, while in the United | under act June 27, 1890, 619 original invalid, States we have more than 12,000,000, and we 317 original widows; applications for increase have only half the population of the Russian Em- under same act, 1,125; under act July 27, 1892, pire. Still, Russia spends more than \$20,000,000 | Indian wars, 0; under act Aug. 5, 1892, Army s year on its schools, and there are excellent universities at St. Petersburg and here at Mos-

I went through a big university at Kazan, and there is now one college in St. Petersburg which admits ladies. This has 400 students, but the other female colleges of the Empire were closed about five years ago because the Government thought they were too liberal in their methods of thinking.

The women of Russia are naturally very bright, and a well-educated Russian lady is the | iners, 325; cases on hand for special examinapeer of any woman on the globe. Some of the most noted of the Nihilists have been women, and Vera Sassulich, who assassinated the Chief of the Secret Police of St. Petersburg, was a woman of a very fine mind, though she was which you cannot find anywhere else in the said to be insane on politics. She was educated at Zurich, in Switzerland, and she killed this man for whipping a Nihilist, who belonged to the same society that she did, with a knout. This Nibilist was very cruelly treated, and the skin was almost torn from his back by the whip, which had steel hooks at the end of its

who lived in the time of Peter the Great. The The society to which this man belonged learned of the outrage, and it decided that this Chief of Police must die. They drew lots as to who should be the executioner, and Vera Sassulich got the fatal ballot. The day after she received it, she took a revolver and called upon the Chief of Police in his office in St. Petersburg, and shot him in his chair. She was then only 22 years old, and she was acquitted on the ground of insanity.

best of these mines. They got so rich that they lent money to the Government, and during the first Russo-Turkish war the Government boramong the women of Russia whom I have met | seltzer into bicarbonate of lime, the substance rowed 4,000,000 roubles of the head of the during my stay here, and I find them not at all | to which mountain water owes its freshness. afraid to say what they think about the Czar and his Government, and they are full of indon't care for any interest, but I want the telligence both in the expression of their the children of the nobles had to go through a money paid promptly when it is due; and if it | thoughts and in their reasons for them. Some certainscries of examinations at different periods is not paid, I ask for no other compensation of the best of the Russian literature has been of their lives. He gave his nobles grants of land, than that I may give Her Majesty's ambassador written by women, and during the past generation there have been a half-dozen bright The money was taken, and Catharine the novelists of the other sex. Second paid it, for she was too much of a woman

All the world was talking six months ago about Marie Bashkirtseff, who left such a remarkable diary, and who was a painter as well as a writer. There are a number of women doctors here in Russia, and though they are not permitted to do much except as the assistants of male physicians, they have shown themselves very efficient, and they are chiefly employed in the hospitals.

One of the brightest women I met is the wife of Tolstoi, the novelist. She speaks several languages, and is packed full of good ideas and of practical common sense. She manages It was the freeing of the serfs that broke up | the Tolstoi estates so that they bring in a fair the Russian nobility, and the day will proba- income, and she makes all arrangements as to bly come when Russia will be as democratic in her farms. She has a large garden and many

he ought to be a philosopher and a reformer, and instead of writing good novels he is wast-ing his time in penning thoughts in support of his impractical theories: His life, however, is in accord with his teach-

ings. While I was at his bouse he was off among the peasants ministering as best he could to those afflicted by the famine, and his daughter was with him. When he is at home he works a part of every day in the fields, and I saw the old shoe bench in his library where he makes his boots. The Countess told me that the peasants often acted very ungratefully to him, and that in return for his kindness they stole his wood and took advantage of his good nature by not doing half work for him. He was for a time very angry at the civilized goings on in his household. He did not like to see the French and English governesses around, and even now he will not talk about his novels. He calls them trash, and does not realize that they are the best works he has ever done or will do. In the meantime the Countess, like the good woman that she is, does the best she can in managing the property and taking care of him and her family. She is a fair type of the hightoned, well-educated Russian woman, and the late famine has brought out the character of these women. They have gone by the scores out of their luxurious homes right down into the famine districts, and have lived with the peasants and have taken care of them. Many of them have spent fortunes upon the peasants, and some have mortgaged their property in order to relieve the people of their villages. Some have caught the typhus fever and other diseases while going about their work of mercy, and they have shown themselves as noble as any women of the world.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Why Gen. Sherman Did Not Volunteer. [Century.] From the time of Gen. Sherman's conversation with Mr. Lincoln he distrusted the prepa-

rations of the Administration, which savored greatly of militia and raw recruits. With this army Gen. Sherman was unwilling to cast his lot, believing that he was worthy of a better command or of sone. In April he writes to

"But I say volunteers and militia never were and never will be fit for invasion, and 50,000,000 peasants who were slaves 30 years when tried it will be defeated and dropt by ago ought to be taught to read and write before Lincoln like a hot potato." And in the same letter:

they are allowed to vote on national matters, "The time will come in this country when professional knowledge will be appreciated, when men that can be trusted will be wanted, and I will bide my time. I may miss the chance; and, if so, all right; but I cannot and city cannot read the signs over the stores. It | a soldier or anything else. If Congress meet, is for this reason that outside of each store in or if a National Convention be called, and the Russia you see paintings representing the arti- Regular Army be put on a footing with the

Work of the Pension Office.

During the week ending Oct. 22, 1892, 4,790 it, but this does no good, for your cabman can- claims were received, of which those filed for not read; and if you point him to a name in | service since March 4, 1861, under acts prior to | near the blamed gulch, but I knowed a feller the guide-book, whether it be in Russian or in | that of Jan. 29, 1887, were 117 original invalid, English, the printed letters mean nothing to 224 original widows, 12 bounty land, 319 navy, 157 accrued, and 1,223 applications for increase; In all the schools of Russia there are less | filed under act Jan. 27, 1887, Mexican war, 41; Nurses, 102; prior applications under former acts and under act June 27, 1890, 534. Number of claims received to date under act of June 27, 1890, 850,130. Claims disposed of

> to date under said act, 499,712. Number of rejected claims reopened, 549. The names and postoffice addresses of 3,827 comrades were furnished for the use of claimants. There were 65,274 pieces of mail matter received; 41,808 letters and blanks sent out. Number of cases detailed to Special Examiners, 337; reports and cases from Special Exam-

> tion, 6,382. Report of certificates issued: Original, 3,213; increase, 2,083; accrued, 169; total, 5,465. Total number of claims pending, by actual count Oct. 12, 790,655.

Disinfecting Water.

[London Lancet.] Dr. Hans Brackebusch answers inquiries as to the best method of disinfecting water for household use as follows:

Fill a stone vessel capable of holding about 20 liters to within a hand's breadth from the top with water, add three heaped tablespoonfuls of cement, and stir the mixture with a large wooden spoon for five minutes. The water then clears very quickly, and is fit for washing the body and for cooking everything except pulse. To get drinking-water, filter through coffee-

paper into a carafe and add seltzer till the turbidness resulting at first disappears. The cement contains so much free lime that the killing of the bacilli is certain. The dissolved I have talked with a number of freethinkers | lime is converted by the carbonic acid of the The cement must be fresh and must not have lain beside smelling substances. Five pfennigs' (a little more than a half-penny) worth of saltzer suffices for five liters of water.

What Flossie Thought. [Detroit Free Press.]

Flossie was enjoying herself out in the cool green grass with two or three of her playmates when her mother called her. "Come in. Flossie," she said; "the grass is too damp for you to be playing in it."

"Tisn't wet, mamma," pouted Flossic. "It's just as dry as it can be." "No, it isn't. I know better than you what is best. Come on in the house," and the mother led the way. Flossie rose slowly.

"Well, I guess I must," she said to the others. "Mamma thinks I don't know anything about anything I know about, and there's no good in telling her anything about anything," and Flossie followed.

Reward of Virtue. [Street & Smith's Good News.] Little Dick-I told mamma what a good boy I was to-day and she gave me a penny, and then I gave it to Johnny Stout if he'd com-

mence goin' to school. Little Dot-What good will that do? Little Dick-When I tell mamma that Johnnie Stout is goin' to school, she'll keep me home 'cos Johnnie Stout's brother's got the measles.

Just as Well to be Correct, [Boston Globs.]

"Yes, brethren," says the clergyman who is oreaching the funeral sermon, "our deceased brother was cut down in a single night-torn from the arms of his loving wife, who is thus left a disconsolate widow at the early age of 24 years."

"Twenty-two, if you please," sobs the widow in the front pew, emerging from her handkerchief for an instant.

A Modest Man. [New York Weekly.] Wife (at the Black Crook)-I should think you'd be ashamed to use that opera-glass so continually. Husband-I'm only looking with one eye m'

dear. The Dead Line of 50 is an expression which his its origin in the fact that the intense activity of modern life has worn out so many busy men and women by the time they attain that age. Every one knows that much of the world's best work has been done by aged workers, and there is no sadder sight, or keeper disappointment, than when intellectual prime finds the skilful worker

without physical strength to do.

The problem then is how to move "the dead line" ten or twenty or thirty years forward, and thus allow the wisdom and experience of a lifetime to add the cap-stone to a lifetime's work. Common sense clearly teaches that no drug will do this; but long experience has as clearly demonstrated that strated that Drs. Starkey & Palen's Compound Oxygen will-that it has done, and is doing this very thing for thousands of master workmen in

Many grateful letters attest this fact beyond the doubts of the most incredulous. People in the philanthropists, physicians, editors, and business men, clearly and cheerfully testify of the wonder-ful power of nature's help for nature's needs as offered in Compound Oxygen.

Any person in need of better health, or greater

working strength, who will send his address to us, can obtain such proof as would convince any mind capable of weighing the evidence of others. De you need help? Can you weigh evidence? Will you write to-day? Address Drs. STARKEY & PALEN, 1529 Arch street. Philadelphia, or Chicago, San Francisco, New York, and Toronto, Ont.

MAN-SNAKE.

A Story of the Famous Rattlesnake

Gulch.

BY F. B. MILLARD.



IMME a ticket for Las Julas-that Godgit shet of it. fursaken place, whar they spell hick'ry with a 'j.' dam fur water, dig fur wood, an' call a jackass a bureau." He was tall, awkward, angular, and Arizonian. He stood before me in the line

announced, he threw his gold upon the board with a loud bang, swore a little at "ther blamed railroad monop'ly" for charging so much, and turned into the waiting-room with a heavy tread. I knew I had made a discovery. On the train I sought him out and asked him to tell me all about Las Julas. "O, thar ain't much to tell erbont, Cap,"

said he. "Ef you've ever seed one o' them air leetle desert holes they call towns in Arizony, why I reckon yer know 'bout wot Las Julas is like. A dozen rough-pine shanties, lined with thin cloth-hotter'n blazes ter live in when the sun takes a notion ter scorch things, which is purty much all the time daown thar on the desert-two gin-mills, a railroad station and section-house, a Chinese shake-daown, an' a cattle c'rell. That's erbout all, 'cept the people an' the coyotes. The kentry? O, yes, thar's plenty o' kentry, but it's durn near all sand an' cactus." "It must be a desolate spot," I ventured.

"Deserlate's no name for it. An' yit, Cap, I wouldn't live anywheres else on top o' God's green airth. Thar's suthin' erbout the desert thet fetches me. I 's'pose it's the air. Yer don't find sech air anywheres off'n the desert. An' thar's no place on airth whar things tastes so blame good. Gimme plenty o' good spuds. an' sow-belly an' cornbread, an' a leetle canned truck, an' a dimmyjohn o' t'rautler jooce, an' I'll live in one o' them air cloth-lined shanties till old Gabe gits up on top o' the mountings an' begins ter toot.

"Ef it warn't far them pesky Greasers, life daown thar 'ud be ez good ez I wanter see it. Redskins don't bother much, though I've made good Injuns out'n 18' Paches up in the kenyons near thar. Las Julas, yer know, is near Rattlesnake Gulch. Fust-class chance fur gold up thar in the old gulch, but the rattlers is so allfired thick thet prospectors hev ter keep outer the way. Them air rattlers is all over the ground, an' 'tween the rocks thar, an' they strike at yer from the four pints o' the compass to oncet. It's the skeeriest place ever I got inter. I kin fight 'Paches, but when it that we saw a space 'bout half ez big ez this comes to million o' rattlers, I sw'ar I draw the 'ere keer, only round-like, that hed been swep'

"Yer wouldn't think, Cap, that a man 'ud go thet lived thar fur years. Did he kill 'em off? Not a blamed one. Mebbe yer won't b'leve it; thar warn't so many rattlers thar when he come, but he drawed 'em thar by the thousand. These is solemn fac's, stranger. Anybody in Las Julas 'Il tell yer so. Yer see, this ere man-he called himself Hank Durden -war a queer critter. He war more snake than man. It war quite a long time afore I larnt his hist'ry, but I got it dead straight one day. His father war a snake-charmer, borned in Araby er some sech cussed place, an' his mother war the lady sarpint-handler in a side-show-a Virginny gal, I war told. Wa'al. I don't know much 'bout hered'ty an' them air kinder things, but when Hank war borned he war a curio. I only knowed him ez a man, 'an he war ez big a curio then ez ever, I reckon. "He war a lean, lank kinder man, with a long neck an' queer leetle head, with a sorter fuzz on top of it, and a low, flat forrid. He hed thin cheeks, covered with a close-cropped beard, an' a thin nose, ruther long; snappy leetle black eyes, deep sunk, an' fur all the

world like a rattler's, only bigger; a small, firm-set mouth, with thin lips, pearly teeth, an' no chin ter speak on. "He could stretch that air neck o' his'n amazin'. Yer never seed anything like it in all yer born days, 'cept in a snake. They said he war gifted with a strange power over other bein's, an' the fac' war, he did hev a sorter o' charmin' light in his eyes, which war ginerally restless ez the devil at a pienic, but sometimes ez fixed ez a rock. He'd put thet airslim hand o' his'n up ter his face, an' leanin' his head on it, 'ud seem ter fall ersleep with his eyes wide open an' starin' out over the desert, lookin' at nothin' in pertickler. When he'd get excited

it war jes' like stirrin' up a rattler. He'd whisk erbout an' dart out his head from that long neck o' his'n, an' his eyes 'ud turn different colors an' snap an' burn like coals o' fire. "When Hank fust come ter Las Julas he went ter work for the railroad company, cleann' keers an' puttin' packin' in the journals an' tappin' the wheels ter see of they was cracked. But he war so blamed snakey thet nobody liked him, an' they run him out afore long. So then he tried gold-minin'. They say he made out fustrate up in the mountings, but when he struck Rattlesnake Gulch thet settled it. He got out a pile o' gold thar, not mindin'

the rattlers ez much ez a ordinary man 'ud mind so many skeeters. "He didn't seem to keer for gold, an' though he'd struck it so rich he'd fool away his time on cussed nonsense. How? Why, playin' with the snakes. He'd got ter be chummy with em. His cabin floor war most kivered with 'em sometimes. Yer know, up thar in thet guich they's leetle caves whar the rattlers is ez thick ez hasty puddin'. You'll see wrigglin' masses on 'em, all wound up like balls o' knittin' yarn. Thar's one place they call the ledge. It's a sorter shelf o' rock, hangin' over the kenyon wall. Ye kin look down on it from a high rock above, an' any day o' the week ye kin see writhin' gobs o' them rattlers-big fel-

lers, some on 'em more'n four feet long. "It's the wust hell-hole on airth. An ordinary man 'ud be bit ter pieces by the sarpints in less'n no time, ef he war fool 'nough ter go daown thar. But thet man Hank he didn't keer a bean. He'd go along the trail till he struck the ledge, an' walk out thar an' pick up half a dozen o' the reptiles to oncet, an' talk to 'em like they was leetle children, in a dev'lish langwidge thet hed a lot o' smooth an' sickish hissin' an' purrin' an' spittin' in it, 'nough ter

make yer blood creep. "I saw him do that air sorter thing three or four times; but though I'm purty tough, es most Arizony miners is, I didn't enjoy the spectercle a blame bit. The rattlers 'ad no more think o' bitin' him than they 'udo' bitin' theirselves. He'd have 'em all over him-even in his buzzum. An' they'd look ez pleased ez though they'd jes' pizened a 'Pache. They'd cuddle their ugly heads daown close to his cheek, an' never think o' snappin' their tails onless somebody else 'ud come erbout. Then. Lord-a-mighty, how they'd rattle. Ye kin bet yer pile, though, durn few people ever bothered Hank an' his nasty pets. It war wusser'n trustin' yer head ahind the heels o' a pack-mule. "But somebody did come botherin' 'em in the course o' time-an' botherin' all-fired hard,

"I war playin' freeze-out along with some o' the boys up ter Old Redlick's one arternoon, when the train with the varnished keers pulled in an' left a solemn-lookin' man, purty well dressed an' with baggidge 'nough ter stock a cowboy's camp, ef it hed a-ben the right kind. He seemed to be kinder relig'us, 'cause when he put daown his name on Redlick's reg'ster an' tuk a look aroun' an' seed me an' the boys a-throwin' the keerds an' clinkin' the coin, he kinder scowled disapprovin'ly. I sized him up fur a Sund'y-skule Sup'rintendent or a Baptist minister.

"Arter he got his supper he come out on the porch and sot aroun' awhile, seemin' kinder restless all the while. He hed one o' the starnest-lookin' phizzes ever I clapped eyes on. I tuk a look at the reg'ster an' saw his name war Jon'than Fales. He staid aroun' Redlick's fur quite a while, makin' leetle side-shoots off up into the kenyous, now an' then, on a mustang he hired from the old man.

"I got kinder cur'us erbout the feller, but twant very long afore I heard all erbout him from Joe Simpson, who come daown from San Felipe an' told erbout his doin's up thar. Wa'ai, what d'yer s'pose? He war a snakehunter. Kinder strange biz, warn't it, fur a well-dressed man which looked ez if he hed plenty o' tin? The story war that 'bout five year afore that time, he hed come out from the States all o' a suddint, bein' called by a tele- | war, 'Gimme some whisky, quick !' gram which said his uncle war dyin' on his ranch near Squaw Butte.

the ranch, an' bein' ex thar war no way fur the hotel. him ter git out right off, they not 'spectin' him thet day, he concluded ter foot it. The sun war bilin' an' the desert war hotter'n the seven

binges. "Wa'al, he got mighty near used up by the time he got in sight o' the ranch. So he laid daown in the shade o' some rocks ter cool off an' rest. While he war lyin' thar a rattler nipped him on the leg. He jumped up skeered nearly ter death an' made off ter the ranch, gittin' thar in the nick o' time. They dosed him with whisky an' he come out all right, but kinder cracked like. He vowed that thar war a lot o' the venom left in him an' that he couldn't ever

"Arter his uncle died an' all his property war turned over ter Jon'than, he went mopin' aroun' actin' queer. His spite agin rattlers hed riz so doggoned high ez ter make him half-wild on the subjec'. He killed off all the sarpints on his nucle's place, huntin' em out o' their holes when he couldn't git at 'em no other way. The more o' the rattlers he killed the wilder he got. He'd go roun' the kentry in rocky at the railway ticket places, whar thar war gobs an' slathers on 'em, window, and when the an' he'd clean 'em out with shot-guns, bumbs, rate to Las Julas was traps, er any other 'tarnal way he could think

"That air is as much o' the story ez I heerd from Simpson, but I made bold ter ax Jon'than when he come back that evenin' how many rattlers he'd laid out that day. He looked at me in a cur'us kinder way, an' said he didu't keer ter discuss the subjec'. But I stuck ter him—told him thet I knowed a place war the snakes war so thick you'd think the groun' war walkin' off when ye seed 'em crawlin'. He hed ben mighty quiet an' cool ontil he heerd this, but now his ears begin ter stick up an' his eyes to bulge out so ye could a knocked 'em off with a stick."

"'Whar is thet air place?' he axed. "'I'll tek ye ter it ter-morrer,' says I, 'ef

ver wanter go 'long.' "'All right,' says he, an' his eyes glistened kind strange-like. "Wa'al, we started fur Rattlesnake Gulch

next day. Jon'than hed a hull gunny-bag full o' some kinder stuff that he war mighty keerful on. When I went closter it he said, 'Look out, thar, it's dang'rous,' so I didn't fool with it any, ye kin betcher life. When we got up inter the kenyon I introjooced Hank Durden t' my new friend, Hank stuck out thet slim hand o' his'n, but the snake-'starminator eyed him mighty 'spicious-like an' durn skeery, an' when he tuk a-holt o' his hand he dropped it mighty suddint.

"'It's jes' like touchin' a rattlesnake,' he whispered ter me, his cyes blazin' fire. He looked ez ef he could a-wiped out the mansnake then an' thar.

"We went on up the gulch, Hank eyein' us mighty distrustful-like from his cabin door, an' purty soon we come to the place overlookin' the ledge. It war alive with rattlers. Jon'than opened his bag an' tuk out some queershaped things, keerfully packed in little boxes, with sawdust all 'roun' 'em. They warn't much bigger'n yer fist, but when he throwed one on 'em down among them air snakes, thar war a tremenjus 'splosion an' a gineral scatteration o' snake-meat. When we looked daown clean o' live rattlers, but thar war wot war left o' 'bout 50 sarpints strewin' the ground. The snake colony war tuk by s'prise thet time, sure fur sartin. Them thet was still live-an' thar was plenty o' them-was wild. They lashed their tails an' set up the horriblest rattlin' thet I ever heerd.

"Wa'al. Jon'than three win four or five o' them air combustifyin' things o' his'n an' he raised Cain with them air rattlers. Them thet was not knocked ter Kingdom Come jes' crawled inter their holes. But my pardner in the killin', Lord, how his eyes blazed when he seed 'em chawed up by the bumbshells! "'An' the seed o' the woman shell bruise the

sarpint's head!' he said solemn-like, each time he threw a shell. R war a tarrible bruisin', an' no mistake. "When we hed cleaned off the ledge an' went erway, we passed by Hank's cabin, an'

the critter come out an' axed us wot the firin' war all erbout. He had heerd the shells a-'splodin' an' wondered wot it meant. "We didn't say much, 'cause I told Jon'than we'd better not make him mad, tellin' him we'd ben a-killin' off his pets. The man-snake looked a awful look at Jon'thau, seemin' ter suspec' suthin', an' Jon'than he clung ter me

ies' like a child ter its mammy, bein' powerful 'fraid on him. We hurried erway an' went daown ter the hotel. "Fur some reason or other Hank came daown ter town hisself thet evenin'. We was sittin afore Old Redlick's fireplace, Jon'than kinder half-dozin', when Hank opened the door an' crawled quietly in, as he allus did. I never seed him lookin' so blamed snakey afore. His eyes glittered an' his neck stretched up an'

daown. He war comin' towards Jon'than from behind. Jon'than he begin ter shiver, 'thout seemin' ter know any cause fur shiverin', an' his eyes opened with a queer, dazed look in 'em. When he seed the man-snake, which war still movin' ez quiet ez a mouse, he begin ter shiver wusser'n ever, an' then ter scream-"'Take it away! Take it away! Kill it!' "This made Hank madder 'n hops, an' I reckon he showed his teeth, fur Jon'than kep'

on screamin' fur some leetle time, an' fin'ly run out o' the room. Then Hank laughed, an' all the rest on us laughed, but 'twar kinder ghastly laughin'. "It war sev'ral days afore Jon'than 'ud go

near Rattlesnake Gulch agin, he war so'fraid o' Hank; but he war so 'tarnal bent on snakekillin' that he did go agin, though it'ud a-ben a blamed sight better fur him hed he kep' away. He wouldn't go onless I went erlong, an' ez he hed paid me so well las' time, I didn't buck agin goin'. "Wa'al, we went up ter a p'int nearer the

ledge this time, an' kinder side on it, killin' half a dozen rattlers with our sticks afore we got thar. Mebbe ye think I'm lyin', Cap, but I swa'r ef thet air ledge warn't kivered thicker'n ever with sarpints, spite on us killin' thousands on 'em a few days afore. Jes' as Mr. Jon'than war on wrappin' the fust bumbshell, who should go a-scootin' 'long the trail afore us but Hank Durden. He didn't see us, an' we kep' outer sight. He went right erlong, an' soon he war in the midst o' them snakes. Hed it a-ben anybody else they'd ben erbout 5,000 'Q's' thar 'n less'n no time, but they didn't carl up ter strike at him. They jes' lay ez quiet ez ever. "He stood in the middle o' the ledge an' begin a-lettin' out some on thet air purrin' an' hissia' snake langwidge o' his'n, an' they all seemed ez happy ez so many children at play. Hank picked up a big feller, nigh onter five foot long, an' held his hand on his neck while the dis-

rustin' critter wound hisself aroun' his arm. Bimeby the snake-man turned aroun' so's I could see his face, an' I swa'r of it hedn't tuk on the 'spression o' a rattler's to a T. "Wa'al, Jon'than war most broken up by the sight, but he managed ter keep inside his skin until thet man Hank got three o' them air rep tyles up in his arms, an' they war cuddlin' their heads up ter his face. Then Jou'than's eyes shot fire an' he raised his hand ter throw one o' them air bumbshells at Hank's head. but I grabbed a holt on him au' kep' him from

doin' it.

"We went back erlong the trail ter a p'int nearer to the cabin, an' hung aroun' thar fur awhile. Hank come down an' when his eyes suddenly flashed onter Jon'than, he run up an' snapped at him with them sharp teeth o' his'n jes' fur all the world like a rattler. Jon'than clung ter me, an' I told Hauk ter stop his blamed foolishness, which he did, goin' inter his cabin an' slammin' the door. Then we slid up ter the trail agin, an' soon Jon'than war throwin' the bumbshells inter the midst o' the rattlers an' cryin' like mad. 'The seed o' the woman shell bruise the sarpint's head.' He seemed ter take so much solid satisfaction outer it that I let him hav all the fun ter hisself, an' went up the trail a little ways to sit in the shade, leavin' him alone. I didn't see a sign o' rattlers whar I war, so I felt safe. Wa'al, jes' ez he hed fired his last bumb an' war lookin' down outer the awful mess he'd made down thar on the ledge, who should jump up behind him but Hank, lookin' like one o' his pets jes' ready ter strike. He come right at Jon'than. thet blamed hed o' his'n movin' up an' down on his long neck an' his eyes a-throwin' off sparks o' fire. He hed seed the dead snakes. an' he war madder'n any rattler ye ever see. sprung up, but Hank war onter him afore I could git thar, an' the two men hed come ter-

gether with a bang an' war rollin' over on the ground. "'He's bit me-he's bit me,' yelled Jon'than. An' with thet he raised a good-sized stunwa'al, bigger'n yer two fists-an' struck it so hard agin the man-snake's skull ez ter kill him deader'n a door-nail.

"' An' the seed o' the woman shell bruise the sarpint's head!' he yelled. But his next call "I dosed him an' dosed him, but 'twarn't no good. He said he knew he war goin' ter die,

"Wa'al, he got ter the station 20 mile from an' die he did afore I could git him back tor

"Mebbe 'twar his 'magination-I heern tell o' sech things an' mebbe Hank did bite him. Then agin it mighter ben a snake hid in Hank's clothes that did the bitin'. Fur I swa'r the two little blue pin-holes in Jon'than's cheek-the only marks I could find on himwas the bites of a rattler, er I never seed a rattler's bites."

She Couldn't.

[Life.] "Why were you so cross to your husband at breakfast? "I just couldn't help it. I felt as if I must scold at somebody or burst. Just physical irritability, you know-and then everything went wrong. Breakfast was late, the steak was burnt, the coffee thin, and cakes heavy." "Then why didn't you scold the cook?"



"I couldn't. She'd leave."

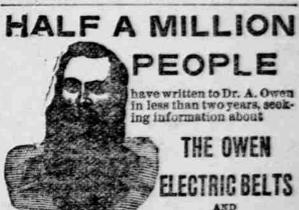


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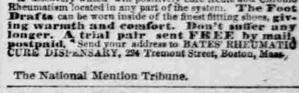
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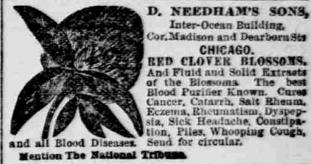
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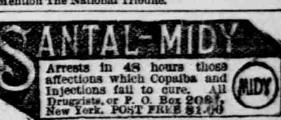
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Catharine had a way of giving men to her mobies as well as lands. During her time, serfs were bought and sold in Russia, and the nobility of that time gave Russia the bad name which it has to-day. Nobles sold their serfs, and young peasant girls were bought and sold, and some were carried to Turkey. The historian Semevsky describes the horrors of this time in his book about the peasants of Catharine II., and his stories are worse than those of the slave days of the

sian beauty.

punish the serf for drowning two small dogs which the poble had ordered the serf's wife to suckie. The Princess Kozlosky was wont to ization. order her lackeys to be stripped naked and tied

A SWELL TURNOUT. Many of the old nobles have during recent years devoted themselves to trade, and not a few of them are farming their estates on scientific principles. They have the elements of progress in them, and the most of them are anxious that Russia should take its place as

so paint the pictures of the most beautiful one of the great nations of the globe. maidens he could find. She kept him busy at The educated among them are in favor of tures in one room of this palace, and you can see the pictures there to-day. There are 800 They work with the peasants in running the of them, and they represent every type of Rus-Government, and they treat them in many cases as though they were their children, advising with them and helping them in time of famine. They appreciate that their only hope for the future is in their own efforts and their own brains, and they are gradually turning their attention to money-making and to the development of the country.

Many of them use American machines en their farms, and a large number of them are and she would do the best she could to be a bankers, and though the great majority belong | that she could not consent to reduce her family to the Government and the army, the fact of a | to this state, and that they must have a civilman being in trade and making his own living | used life, and that the shildren must be well South. One noble he records ordered the soles in one way or another, grows more respectable of the feet of one of his serfs to be burned to in Russia year after year, and slowly but surely the car of democratic thought is working its

to a post, and then she compalled young girls | become a democracy it will have less further | taken this cranky idea into his head he thinks

its social organizations as the United States. | hot-beds at Yasnis-Polynia, and she has a numtenant farmers.

that he has no right to any property but the amount which he can earn from day to day by the elevation of the peasant, and they are less laboring with his hands, and he wanted his snobbish than the nobles of any other country. wife to give up all her right to the estate and to divide it out among the peasants. He went into the fields himself and plowed and spaded and did all kinds of hard work. He made his own clothes, and put up a little shoe shop in his house in order that he could make his own boots there during the Winter, and he really wanted to reduce his family to the poverty of

> Madame Tolstoi objected to this. She told him that he might live in this way if he would,

ber of peasant villagers who rely upon her for advice and assistance whenever they get into trouble, and who act to a large extent as her Tolstoi himself was in times past a very fair

business man, but he has a cranky notion now the poorest peasants.

engaged in manufacturing. Some of them are | good wife to him while he was doing so, but educated. Tolstoi objected for a while and grumbled a great deal, but he finally gave in. and now he lives with his family, but will way over the cordurey roads of Russian civil- have nothing to do as to the management of It would seem to me that if Russia ever does greatest novelists of the world, but since he has